

CHARIVARIA.

It is denied that the KAISER has forbidden his officers to dance the Tango, the One-Step, and the Two-Step; but it is well known that he prefers the old-fashioned Goose-Step.

"MEXICO TRAMS JUMP" was a heading which caught our eye the other day in the financial column of *The Star*. This gives one some idea of the state of nerves that everyone and everything is in just now over there.

The Budapest Court of Appeal has sentenced an ex-member of the Hungarian Parliament to one month's imprisonment, and two others to two weeks' imprisonment, for throwing ink-pots at the PREMIER. It is clear that any usurpation of the right of journalists is very jealously watched in Hungary.

"It has been suggested," said the POSTMASTER-GENERAL at a dinner last week, "that, when the London Post-Office telephone system is in full working order, we should have our hair cut by telephone." As a matter of fact we have already heard people who declare that they have been fleeced by it.

During the official round of inspection before the opening of the Autumn Salon in Paris, a study in the nude by a Dutch artist was adjudged to be perilous to the morals of Parisians, and the police had it removed forthwith. The sense of relief in Paris on the next day, when the citizens realised what a narrow escape their morals had had, is said to defy description.

The painting in question, we are told, was thrust into a dark cupboard. This sounds like the appropriate place for it if the cupboard was like Mother Hubbard's.

Excavations at Jericho, it transpires, prove that the walls of that city were not destroyed to the extent we were led to believe, and a great deal is being made of this fact. For ourselves, we think it would be well to let by-gones be by-gones.

Free shows for the people are not so common that one should omit to draw attention to the fact that those star-artists, the Leonids, are now giving their clever *vol plané* performance early in the morning.

Preparations for amusement on a colossal scale, we read, are being made

for the Panama Exhibition. One of the attractions is to be a scenic representation, entitled, "Creation," based on the first chapter of Genesis. An attempt, we understand, is to be made to persuade Great Britain to lend Mr. Justice EVE, and France Mme. ADAM, in connection with this show.

With reference to the announcement that Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS will probably bring *Broadway Jones* to the Prince of Wales Theatre in January, the manager of the Strand Theatre would like it to



First Housebreaker (resting from his labours).
"AN' 'E SEZ TO ME, 'WHY DON'T YER JOIN THE SYMPERTHETIC STRIKE?' 'E SEZ. 'YUS,' SEZ I, 'THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT I GOT TO LIVE. I CAN'T TAKE NO BLOOMING RISKS.'"

be known that this friend of Mr. Hicks' is not one of "The Joneses."

"I spend £14,000 a year on my clothes," says Mlle. GABY DESLYS in *The Patrician*. So much for those persons who think she does not wear enough!

Attention is once more being drawn in the Press to the danger of crossing the road in London, and a recent drawing by our Mr. MORROW leads us to ask the authorities seriously to consider whether it might not be possible to train powerful birds to carry little children and old ladies and gentlemen from one side of the street to the other.

"Three hundred and sixty mill girls came out on strike at Braintree yesterday, and paraded the town singing in rag-time." This should surely have been headed, "STRIKERS' NEW WEAPON."

During his twenty-three years' service at Eye, Suffolk, the rate-collector, it is stated, has never had to issue a single summons against a ratepayer. Those who hold that miracles never happen nowadays would do well to remember this instance of a rate-collector getting the universal Glad Eye.

A statement that live animals were shut up in the old battleship *Empress of India* during the recent firing exercises is officially denied. There was not even a single representative of a hostile naval Power on board. Could humanity go further?

"SCAPE—SCAPE."

THE lawn is all with rime embossed,
There must have been a touch of frost

This fair effect contriving;
But blue of cornflowers is the sea;
The marsh is gold; it seems to me
The snipe should be arriving.

The snipe's a nimble little elf;
His bill's as long as he himself;
He dodges like the devil.

I take my gun and look for him
Beside the ditch's silent brim
And round the sea-girt level;

And there the bouncing Clumber pup
Tempestuously puts him up—

"Scape—Scape," he blithely carols;
And so he does, before my eyes,
Because I hate the way he flies,
And miss with both my barrels.

"For sale as a Going Concert.—By Direction of Trustees. Valuable Leasehold Sawing and Turning Mills."

Advt. in "Manchester Guardian."

We have often heard them at work in an orchestra.

"Alice, do one sweet thing more, because it's Christmas morning. 'Come and watch the sunset round the corner.'"

Grand Magazine.

Alice (on her return). "Aren't the evenings drawing in?"

"Ten thousand! It rolls deliciously upon the tongue, a rich, a satisfying number. Pleasant its figures are to the eye; a picture of round achievement is in 10,000, five magic circles and the upright staff that has traced them."

"Evening News" (in case you hadn't guessed it). "Five magic circles be blowed," said the unpoetical compositor. "He's got to have four ovals and a comma, like the rest of 'em."

THE SODA-WATER SIPHON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I make no apology for addressing you on the subject of my Soda-Water Syphons, because *you*, Sir, are accountable for what I have gone through. You will recall that not a great many weeks ago you protested, by the pen of a contributor, against the reiteration on our Insurance Cards of the term, "The week commencing." Well, ever since I can remember I have been galled, Sir, and made sore and restive by the substitution, not only of "commence" for "begin," but of "assist" for "help," "sufficient" for "enough," etc., etc., etc., and, I may add, that my resentment is quite apart from a private conviction that I pay for these popular refinements of my mother tongue when I pay the Education rate. You may judge, then, how firm is my habit of self-suppression when I say that for more than seven years I have, without revolt, endured as right-hand companion at my dinner table a Soda-Water Siphon bearing the inscription:—

THIS SIPHON
IS THE PROPERTY OF
JAMES WODDLE,
The Arcade Grocery,
WHICH IF NOT RETURNED IN REASONABLE
TIME WILL BE CHARGED 2s. 6d.

Your protest, Mr. Punch, Sir, fell like rain on the arid soil of my compliance; it was like leaven in the dough of my idle acquiescence. I burst into leaf. I rose. It was easy to decide that the proper thing to do was to write to my grocer. To speak to him would be to humiliate him in the presence of his new bacon-cutter. On the other hand, if I wrote, he could read and hide his blushes behind the little screened desk where (as I happen to know, for I once drew a cheque there) he uses a potato as a pin-cushion.

Having decided to write I simply took a pen and wrote, courteously adopting his illiterate way of spelling the word Siphon:—

"SIR,—Referring to your Soda-Water, I observe that the Syphons bear a printed notice to the effect that if the Syphon is not returned it 'will be charged half-a-crown.' It is clearly impossible to exact a fine from a Soda-Water Syphon. Why not therefore alter the label? Yours faithfully,
J. M. PABSLIP."

Mr. Woddle's reply came next day, skewered to a Stilton cheese with a pin. It was written on very thin paper with a very hard-pointed pen.

"SIR,—I am in receipt of your esteemed communication. I always

charge the Syphons 2s. 6d. when not returned. We are obliged to do so in order to protect ourselves. Soliciting a continuance of your esteemed favours,

Yours respectfully,
JAMES WODDLE."

I hastened to reply.

"DEAR SIR,—You have misread my letter. I quite agree that you must protect yourself against loss of your Syphons, but why not say on the label that *I*—the user—will be charged half-a-crown? You cannot possibly mean that the Syphon will be charged half-a-crown. Pardon my writing to you on this subject, but in point of fact the wording on the label causes me some annoyance. Yours faithfully,
J. M. PABSLIP."

By return of post I got Mr. Woddle's answer:—

"SIR,—I am in receipt of your esteemed communication. I can only repeat that when Soda-Water Syphons are not returned they will be charged 2s. 6d. I have no intention of charging you for your Syphons. We used, at one time, to make this charge universally, but it was unpopular and we found it unnecessary with our large circle of customers among the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. At the same time we are bound to protect ourselves, and therefore put the notice on the Syphons to which you take exception. Hoping this explanation will be satisfactory and soliciting a continuance of your esteemed favours,

Yours respectfully,
JAMES WODDLE."

I could not obviously let the matter rest there, so I sat down and laid myself out to settle the thing for good and all.

"MY DEAR SIR," I wrote,— "Please do not misunderstand me. I fully realise that you must reimburse yourself in the event of your Syphons not being returned to you; that is only fair and reasonable. What I object to, if I may say so, is that on the printed label you clearly state that the Syphons will be charged half-a-crown, and this is an absolute impossibility. If you read the label you will see that the relative 'which' refers to the Syphon. Surely this is clear. What you mean is that, if for any reason the user (myself, for instance) fails altogether, or unreasonably delays, to make due restitution of any Syphon or Syphons to you (the rightful owner), then you reserve the right, in the event of its not being returned in reasonable time, to exact from him (me, for instance) the payment of the sum of two-and-sixpence for each Syphon lent by you. This is

what you mean. Then why not say it? The continued publication year after year of a printed phrase which is blatantly ungrammatical can only tend to undermine our native tongue, and I submit that it is incumbent on you to do your duty to the public by revising the label. Yours faithfully,

J. M. PABSLIP."

Woddle's amazing reply came with the bacon next morning:—

"SIR,—I am duly in receipt of your esteemed communication. I am surprised that a gentleman should continue to make complaints when a satisfactory explanation has been offered. If my Syphons are not returned they will be charged 2s. 6d. I put it on the labels so that gentlemen may know beforehand, and that's business. I don't know why, after all these years, a gentleman should object to my Soda-Water, which is the best made and same as always supplied. Soliciting a continuance of your esteemed favours,

Yours respectfully,
JAMES WODDLE."

It was impossible to do more than I had done. It also seemed unreasonable to go on ordering Soda-Water from Woddle. I had grounds for reconsidering this decision, however, when the rival Siphon was put on my table. The label ran as follows:—

THIS SIPHON
IS THE PROPERTY OF
CHARLES F. BINKS,
Family Grocer, 19, Wool Street,
AND WHICH IF NOT RETURNED IN REASONABLE
TIME WILL BE CHARGED 2s. 6d.

The italics are mine. Please, Mr. Punch, tell me what I ought to do next.

Yours obediently,
J. M. PABSLIP.

"Mr. Hicks, yesterday, executed two flights upside down. . . . This afternoon Mr. Hicks again went up. . . . During his experiments this afternoon Mr. Hicks flew head downwards."—*Cork Examiner*.

The blood seems to have rushed into his name.

"It is alleged that he stabbed a labourer on the cheek with a knife held in his hand."
Glasgow Evening Citizen.

The good old-fashioned stroke with the knife held between the second and third toes of the left foot is losing favour.

"The language of Scott and Burns is not a heritage to lightly be dropped, though too little is being done to avert that act."
Paisley Gazette.

Luckily the language of SHAKESPEARE and MILTON is in the safe hands of our contemporary.



THE NEW ULYSSES.

"'COURAGE,' HE SAID, AND POINTED TOWARD THE LAND."

THE LOTOS-EATERS.



Our Demon Tangoist (to fair stranger, to whom he has just been introduced). "WHAT'S DOIN'? WHAT'S DOIN'? WILL YOU SHOUT?"
 Fair Stranger. "HOW ABOUT NUMBER FIFTEEN?"
 Demon Tangoist. "NOTHIN' DOIN', NOTHIN' DOIN'. SHOUT AGAIN."

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

(Mr. ARNOLD WHITE and Mr. LEO MAXSE.)

Mr. WHITE. "This Government of political GEHAZIS—"

Mr. MAXSE. "How dare you compare them to GEHAZI, Sir? GEHAZI was merely a leper, a liar and a thief. And you call yourself a Die-Hard!"

Mr. WHITE. "I am a Die-Hard. I die hard in *The Express* every Monday. My blood will be shed in the last ditch—the very last ditch. No one will die harder."

Mr. MAXSE. "You are not a Die-hard. You are a base, trimming mandarin. GEHAZI, indeed! GEHAZI would have blushed even to walk past Downing Street."

Mr. WHITE. "I live in hopes of seeing ANANIAS ASQUITH swinging from a Downing Street lamp-post."

Mr. MAXSE. "Your humanity, Sir, is that of a coward. I live in hopes of seeing that disgraceful cur, whom you grossly flatter by comparison with a not wholly worthless character like ANANIAS—I say I live in hopes of seeing him stamped under foot by the herd of polluted swine he is leading to a political Gehenna."

Mr. WHITE. "And BIRRELL, the Herod who demands slaughtered hecatombs of Ulster's babes?"

Mr. MAXSE. "If I am to continue conversing with you, Sir, I will endure no insults to HEROD. HEROD may have had a trifle of inhumanity, but, at any rate, he was never swayed by American dollars."

Mr. WHITE. "But what do you think of CHURCHILL—CHURCHILL, who took a royal salute on the high seas, thus proclaiming himself a traitor to King and country? Surely you agree with me that he would be none the worse for a hanging?"

Mr. MAXSE. "I disagree absolutely. A hanging! Why, many highly respectable men have been hanged! I would have him impaled over an oil-furnace in one of those *Dreadnoughts* whose plans he has sold to Germany. Then, like his fellow-criminals, he will for once be dabbling in oil."

Mr. WHITE. "And McKENNA, the paltry, mean, squalid robber! Should we not have his head off?"

Mr. MAXSE. "Sir, I perceive you are a vile Coalitionist. Why this tenderness to traitors? These are times for men to speak out, not to mince their words. Beware of lukewarmness. As

for the caiff you mention, I would immerse him in a vat of boiling leeks and enjoy, as a patriot should, his coward howling."

Mr. WHITE. "Still, we shall agree on one point. We cannot differ about the Marconi saint?"

Mr. MAXSE (gasping). "I need a new language. I cannot speak—I choke. (Converses violently in the deaf and dumb alphabet for ten minutes.) Now talk to me of some one pure and noble and disinterested."

Mr. WHITE. "What a comfort we have F. E. SMITH—"

Mr. MAXSE. "That accursed Moderate! A man who dines with members of the Criminal Cabinet—whose speeches are all courtesies and honeyed compliments to the traitors!"

Mr. WHITE. "At any rate Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE—"

Mr. MAXSE. "Ah! There you have a man. BROKE and myself are the Last of the Old Guard."

Mr. WHITE. "What about me?"

Mr. MAXSE. "BROKE and myself and not another to help! Would there were one more outspoken man of brain and heart. For such a one I would give an army of mealy-mouthed Moderates."

Mr. WHITE (testily). "Good night."

RHYMING SLANG.

"How's the bother and gawdfers?" I heard a porter in Covent Garden ask, by way of afterthought, loudly of a friend from whom he had just parted. "Right as rain," was the shouted reply; and I went on my way in a state of bewilderment as to what they were talking about. What was a bother and what a gawdfer? I could think of nothing except possibly some pet animal, or a nickname for a mutual friend. In a higher commercial rank they might have been gold mines. Among soldiers they would have been officers. I asked a few acquaintances, but without any result, and so made a note of the sentence and dismissed it until the man who knows should arrive.

In course of time I found him. He knows because he has had a varied career in both hemispheres, even to the navigation of tramp steamers, and is able and ready to talk with anyone. Conversational ease and naturalness in every class of life are pre-eminently his. He has seen some strange things too, including the hanging of women, and he has swapped stories with both STEVENSON and MARK TWAIN. To-day he is journalising in London; to-morrow he may be off again for 'Frisco, Sydney, anywhere. That is my man.

"What are a bother and a gawdfer?" I asked him.

"A wife and kid, of course," he said. ("Of course!" Think of saying "of course" there.)

I looked perplexed, and he added—"Rhyming slang, you know. Wife is 'bother and strife.' Kids are 'God forbids.' And then, according to the rule, the rhyming word is eliminated and the others are the only ones used;" and we settled down to discuss this curious development of language and the Londoner's mania for calling nothing by its right name.

Some one said recently, when a member of the company had accused America of having no poetry, "What then is her slang?" And he was right, American slang is poetry, her poetry. It is descriptive, vivid and full of images. But no such certificate can be given to rhyming slang, which is without any reason at all and, after the rule referred to above has been put in operation, without rhyme too. The

only principle it has is a perverse passion for obliquity.

When an American is asked a question for which he has no answer, and he says, "Search me," he is emphasising in a striking and humorous way his total lack of information on that point. When he calls a very strong whisky "Tangle-foot," he indicates its peculiar properties in unmistakable fashion in the briefest possible terms. When the same man sees a notoriously intellectual person and exclaims, "Another high-brow," he at once calls up a picture of SHAKESPEARE, MR. HALL CAINE, SIR OLIVER LODGE, or some other domed cranium associated in our minds with literary pursuits. His slang is essentially pictorial. But when a Londoner asks another after his "bother and gawdfers," there may be a certain

head is a *lump of lead*, a pillow is a *weeping willow*, and to sleep is to *plough the deep*. A certain bibulous and quarrelsome peer was told by a cabman that he hadn't been "first for a bubble." It was probably only too true; but what do you think it means? It means that he hadn't been *First of October* for a *bubble and squeak*: reduced to essentials, sober for a week.

All this and more my friend told me. Here are some anatomical terms. The face is the *Chevy*, from *Chevy Chase*; the nose is *I suppose*, this being one of the cases where the whole rhyme is always used; the brain is the *once again*, shortened to "once"; the eye is a *mince*, from *mince pie*; the hand is *bag*, from *bag of sand*; the arm the *false*, from *false alarm*. The œsophagus (so to speak) is the *Derby*, or *Derby*

Kell, from one Derby Kelly; the garment that covers it is the *Charlie*, from Charlie Prescott; but who these heroes were I have not discovered. A collar is an *Oxford*, from *Oxford scholar*. Nothing, you see, is gained by rhyming slang; no saving in time; and often indeed the slang term is longer than the real word, as in tie, which is *all me*, from *all me eye*, and hat, which is *this and that* in full.

Your feet are your *plates*, from *plates of meat*; your boots are your *daisies*, from *daisy*

roots; your teeth are your *Hampsteads*, from a northern common; money is *don't be*, from *don't be funny*; the fire is the *Anna*, from *Anna Maria*. Whisky is *I'm so*, from *I'm so frisky*; beer is *pig's ear* in full; the waiter is the *hot*, from *hot pertater*; and so forth.

And these foolish synonyms are really used too, as you will find out with the greater ease if (as I did) you loiter in the Dolly. "In the Dolly?" you ask. Oh, if you want any more information let me give it: in the Garden—Covent Garden, from *Dolly Vardon*.

But what I want now to know is the extent of the rhyming vocabulary and the process by which new words are added to it. Supposing, for example, it was felt that Mr. BERNARD SHAW had to be referred to in rhyming slang, who would decide that he was to be known as, say, *Holdyer*, from *hold yer jaw*? Who would invent that term and how would it gain currency? That question my friend could not answer. Is there not some sociologist who can?



THE JOY-TOUR.

Super-Cargo (with delight). "I SAY, THESE CROSS-MARKS ON THE ROAD MAP DON'T MEAN SECONDARY OR BAD, ONLY VERY PICTURESQUE, SO WE CAN LET HER RIP." (They do, as usual.)

asinine funniness in the remark, but there is neither cleverness nor colour. He might as well have said wife and kids, whereas, when Americans use a slang word, it is because it is better than the other word.

Ordinary London slang has few merits. "Nut," for example, carries no picture with it. Nor does it explain itself. "Swank" happens to be a good word, but it is not descriptive. In American slang every phrase, like the advertisement pictures, "tells a story."

But if we condemn ordinary London slang for its dullness, what shall we say of rhyming slang? Only this, that the Englishman should blush for it. The silliness of it is abysmal. Look at this sentence: "So I took a flounder to the pope, laid my lump on the weeping, and did a plough." That is quite a normal remark in any public bar. It means that the speaker went home in a cab and was quickly asleep. Why? Because a cab is a *flounder and dab*; one's home is the *Pope of Rome*; a

A LAPSE IN ART.

(The photographic smile is going out of fashion. A sleepy look is said to be taking its place.)

I READ it on the printed page;
It stood out sharp as fate,
That that wide smile, so long the rage
With ladies of the lighter stage,
Is doomed and out of date.

Those steady lips that served to show
Twin rows of glittering white,
The canines well exposed, as though
The artist meant to put below,
"Be careful, for I bite,"

Henceforth, if what men say is truth,
Are wholly banned and barred;
Of all I've loved from early youth
There will not be a single tooth
On any picture card.

My comrades charge me not to weep;
For, tho' the smile be doomed,
In place thereof a look of deep
And calmly idiotic sleep
Even now is being boomed.

But how could such a thing atone
To my distracted heart?
'Tis worse. I do not sigh alone
For that long smirk so tried and
known;
I mourn the fall of Art.

For lack of truth I hold a sin
Of infinite degree;
There was some colour for the grin;
But where the sleepy look comes in
Is one too much for me.

Nay, judging by the strenuous way
In which these damsels make
Their noble matches, one would say
That, far from being sleepy, they
Are very wide awake.

DUM-DUM.

THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS.

THERE was once a man who went twenty-three times to the performance of *Peter Pan*, and was inspired thereby with a belief in fairies. He confessed his belief openly and vowed to devote his life to proving its truth. He himself would find a fairy.

And to this end he cut himself off from the world, and dwelt in woodland ways still untouched by hoardings blatant with the praise of petrol. Until at last, by great good hap, he found the frontier of Fairyland, and was called upon to display his luggage for inspection.

"Nothing to declare," he announced boldly; but his word was not deemed sufficient, and he had to submit to a search. Not that this troubled him, for his conscience was clear. In fact,



Counsel. "NOW TELL M'LUD AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY WHAT WAS THE DEFENDANT'S CONDITION WHEN IN YOUR BAR."

Witness. "WELL, SIR, I SHOULD SAY 'FRESH BUT SERVABLE.'"

as his spiritual equipment was unpacked he was very proud of it.

"What is this?" demanded the Customs officer suddenly, and the man had to confess that he did not know. He was dimly conscious of possessing the thing, but that was all, and so it had to be examined. And lo! it proved to be a little thought, the thought that his ability to believe in fairies raised him above his fellows. A little thought, hidden away right at the back of his mind, but it was enough. The fairy regarded it sadly and shook his head.

"That sort of pride," he said, "has ever been contraband in our country. You must leave it outside."

But the man demurred, offering to pay the heaviest duty upon it; for he realised that the thought had become

a living part of himself, even as his fingers and toes. He had been but vaguely aware of it, but now he felt that life without it would be a joyless thing.

"What," he asked plaintively, "is the good of believing in fairies, if it does not make one a superior person?"

But the fairy inspector was adamant. "Either you cast that aside, or you go," he said.

And the man went.

"To-night and every evening:
GRAND SOCIETY CIRCUS

The most remarkable collection of trained animals ever seen in London."

Advt. in "Evening News."

Shall we never hear the last of this Tango business?

OUR ANNUAL MASSACRE.

Major Hertingfordbury telegraphed: "Delighted. Will 1,000 cartridges be enough?"

To which I replied: "Thanks very much. Will last me nicely for season."

Jim sent a post-card: "Right. Suppose it's going to be like last year. Lunch at 1.0?"

The weather was excellent. So was the lunch. I pointed out that they should make the most of what might prove easily the best feature of the day, and we got off about 2.30 p.m. Jarge, the gardener, scraped his boots on a spade, slung the potato-sack—I should say, game-bag—over his shoulder, whistled to Spider, and followed us as soon as his pipe was well alight. Jim stared at the dog in an extremely offensive manner, but said nothing.

Any idea of walking the rough field in line for a rabbit was frustrated by the spaniel. I had left strict orders for him to be taken a long walk in the morning and, if possible, to be thoroughly tired out; but the brute had kept a good bit in hand, and we were all well blown before we got him on a lead. This delay gave time for a maid from the house to catch us up with the news that the men had finished cleaning out the ashpit and would like to see the master before they went. I sent a verbal honorarium, pulled the shoot together, and started off again. We spread out through the allotments, the occupants courteously ceasing work to note our passage, and entered the stubble.

There was a great deal of stubble, acres and acres of it, with only one precious patch of roots into which we hoped to chivvy the birds—when found. We walked and walked; had a breather; walked again, and at last came upon them. A covey of thirteen, all full-feathered in the wing, strong in the leg and keen-eyed. Unluckily they found us a fraction of a second sooner than we did them and hopped over a hedge. We nipped round and chivvied cautiously up wind. I was afraid that Spider's breathing as he bore on the leash would put them up. We breasted rising ground and saw them. They saw us, too, and began running towards the station-sidings, where we had lost them last time. Jim and I doubled back and round to cut them off. An engine shrieked and the birds got up wide to swing round behind us . . . down with a turn of wing in the far meadow. The first chivvy was a failure.

At this point Major Hertingfordbury came up and asked whether we intended driving at all, as, if not, his

man could take his second gun and his stick back to the house and see to a few details on the car. Jim said the birds were a bit wild, but how would it be now to send Jarge well round behind them, casual like, to push 'em back on to our ground, we keeping low in the ditch? Jarge said that, knowing Grierson's cowman, he thought it might be done and that without offence, if anyone would take on Spider for a bit and the light held up.

It worked all right. The covey winded him the moment he crept under the stile into the meadow; they seemed thoroughly roused now and got up squawking their loudest. They made a wide circle, shied at the sidings, and finally settled in the roots. It was the moment of the afternoon. Jarge returned breathless and beaming. There was no time to shake hands. We gave Spider back to him; then, the Major in the centre, Jim and I on the flanks, pale, grim, and at the ready, we stole up. The swedes were high, our hopes higher. . . .

I still think we might have got them but for sheer bad luck. Jarge trod on a rabbit, hit at it with his stick, and missed it. The spaniel barked himself free and plunged into the chase with all the pent-up ardour of the last two hours. His idea seemed to be that if he only jumped high enough and came down hard enough, listening for a moment between whiles, he might stun something before it could escape. Like a porpoise at play, he leaped on before our outraged eyes and raucous voices. Well out of shot, sudden as pantomime demons, the birds rose around him. Far down the valley they skimmed—were seen as specks against the setting sun as they rose to the river . . . then no more.

We filled our pipes and walked home in silence. As I stopped behind to close the gate there was a pattering of feet, and out of the darkness came Spider. In his mouth was a rabbit. It just saved us from a blank day.

One hesitates to accuse any class of men of cowardice, but the following extract from *The Post Office Guide* seems to point at least to vicarious timidity on the part of our postal officials:—"Packets containing liquids, greasy substances, or live bees can be sent to countries in the Postal Union. They must be made up so that they can be easily opened for purposes of inspection, with the exception of packets containing live bees, which must be enclosed in boxes so constructed as to allow the contents to be ascertained without opening."

GOOD NEWS FOR RUPERT.

(Suggested by an inspiring paragraph upon a recent exhibition which stated that a reaction against luxurious and effeminate apparel for toy-dogs had set in.)

So long as Poms and Pekingese
And lordlier tykes, mayhap, than these
Would go to Bond Street tailors,
And every day adown the road
One saw exotic reptiles towed
In fancy suitings *à la mode*
And Homburg hats or "sailors,"

I also did my humble best
To have my Irish terrier dressed
In fairly decent clothing,
Lest some proud darling on a chain,
Attached to Beauty's chatelaine,
Should point the forepaw of disdain
And flout him as a low thing.

I could not give him patent boots,
Nor all the gear of hats and suits,
That made these playthings too pert;
But what my humble means allowed
(I may be poor, but I am proud),
That none might scorn him in the crowd,
I freely gave to Rupert.

A thickish coat of homespun tweed,
A cap to save his ears at need
From that brute of the vicar's,
Large-brimmed, because he fights with cats,
Two pairs of purple-coloured spats
To guard him from the bites of rats,
And two of football knickers.

Yes, that was all. Yet I may say
He jibbed at even this display,
He simply loathed his swathing;
You should have seen his coat, by Jove,
On days when he decreed to rove,
His Tyrian gaiters turned to mauve
By dint of frequent bathing.

But now the edict issues forth—
Let it be barked from south to north—
Fashion has changed her habits;
The hat, the gown, the sock, the snood
Have sunk into desuetude,
The stout goloshes may be chewed
As substitutes for rabbits.

And Rupert—with what conscious pride
He prances at his master's side
And leaves him at his daily 'bus;
A freer, but a happier hound,
And (gentle ladies, gather round)
I think quite adequately gowned
In puris naturalibus. EVOE.

"Crabbe proposed marriage, which, though followed by a short engagement, never came off."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Perhaps the marriage would have been more successful if the engagement had come first.



Proud Member. "NOW TELL ME, HOW DID YOU FIND OUR GREENS?"

Distinguished Visitor. "WELL, YOU SEE, THEY HAD FLAGS ON THEM!"

THE SUPER-AGITATOR.

So long as Mr. JAMES LARKIN continues his timid and half-hearted methods he will never gain that full publicity and approval which he so much desires. Only the weaklings were impressed by the manner in which, on his return to freedom, he staggered Dublin, shook Ireland, and made threatening grimaces at Great Britain. A really competent agitator would have staggered the earth, shaken the solar system and shot ink into the Milky Way.

A *Daily Mail* writer has told us that "if Larkin at a public meeting is given the lie direct he jumps from the platform and hits his accuser on the jaw." Surely that is a totally inadequate method of dealing with such an amazing *contretemps*. A really strong man would take hold of the chairman and hurl him at his accuser, striking that unhappy person on both jaws and also giving him a thick ear.

"Every man, woman and girl who

has gone back to work while I have been in prison must come out again," LARKIN is reported to have said. But give us a thorough agitator, he would have ordered the recall of all the Irish who had settled down comfortably in the United States; he would have wired at the same time to the Channel Fleet to be off Dublin at daybreak and await orders for proper treatment of the employers; and in the meantime one of his assistants would have forwarded instructions of different kinds to the Lord Mayor of LONDON, Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, the GERMAN EMPEROR, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and even Mr. JOHN REDMOND himself.

As a matter of fact, LARKIN has been merely toying with his task. It may not be true that the ideal strike-leader never sleeps; but he should be of the stuff that demands to be wakened every hour so that nobody else may be allowed to rest. At midnight the attendant rouses him. "Time to wake, Sir," he says, keeping his jaw well out of reach. "Tell O'Larrikin to 'phone

ASQUITH that I want a Cabinet meeting called at 11.30 to-morrow," says the great one; and he settles down to sleep again. Opening his eyes promptly at the next reveille, "Ring up Dublin Castle," he says, "and tell Lord ABERDEEN he is not to have porridge for breakfast." At 2.0 a.m.: "Tell BIRRELL he's a Red Russian; and, if the line's engaged, call out the telephone operators"—and so the night would drag on.

It is no compliment to the really capable strike-leader to be called Napoleonic (a term applied by an evening newspaper to LARKIN). If NAPOLEON were alive now it would be a risky thing for him to venture near a first-class agitator; every bone in his body would be in jeopardy. "Damn the Empire!" LARKIN is reported to have said; but it is still not certain that what he has said he has said. If he wants to be really popular and respected he will not be content with so mild an utterance. LARKIN must really pull himself together and try a little harder.



Maud (to governess, after having received a well-deserved whipping from her mother). "IT ISN'T THE SMACKING I MIND, IT'S—IT'S—MUMMY MAKING HERSELF SO RIDICULOUS."

THE "FULL-STEAM" OPTIMIST.

["The real tempest is over, and, although the wind may be shrieking through the rigging, although the waves may still look a little angry, the sky is clear, the glass is rising, and we know in a very, very short time we will be in calm water."] *From a speech at Birmingham by Mr. Redmond, author of the new nautical phrase, "Full steam ahead."*

THE worst is over, the storm is done,
The clouds have all rolled by;
Notice how nicely beams the sun
Out of a nice blue sky;
Long have we been the blizzard's sport
Till hope was as good as dead;
But now we are pounding straight for port
At the word "Full steam ahead!"

The wind (there's some of it still) may blow
And the waves rise ridge on ridge,
But the Cabinet's stoking down below
And I am on the bridge;
Yes, I am the Captain of this stout ark,
A mariner born and bred;
And the mercury's soaring like a lark
As we go full steam ahead.

There never was such a loyal crew:
There's trusty bosun TIM;
There's mate O'BRIEN, as true as true—
I'm terribly fond of him;
Rather than quarrel with friends so old,
This I would do instead:—
I'd clap 'em in irons down the hold
As we drive full steam ahead.

ASQUITH and WINSTON, too, I like,
Excellent stokers both;
They never would think of going on strike
And breaking their briny oath;
They may prattle of rocks that leeward lurk,
Charted a bloody red,
But they soon get back to their bunker-work
When I shout "Full steam ahead."

Thus in these poor brief seaman's rhymes
Broadly I've shown the gist
Of the hopeful signs of the present times
That make me an optimist;
There's no sting left in the beastly foam;
We can die (if we must) in bed;
For everything points to a clear run home
As we forge full steam ahead.

O loud and long will the welcome be
(And it's going to come quite soon)
When we cross the last reef (No. 3)
Into the still lagoon;
Already I hear the local smiles,
For which we have toiled and bled,
Break on the greenest of Blessed Isles
As we plunge full steam ahead.

O. S.



THE EVER-OPEN DOOR.

MR. BIRRELL. "DON'T TEMPT ME TOO FAR, MY DEAR CARSON, OR ON MY HONOUR AND CONSCIENCE I SHALL HAVE TO PUT YOU THROUGH *THIS*."

"ON APPRO."

*The Gables, Sarkchester.
October 29, 1913.*

Mrs. Berkeley-Bigge will be glad if Messrs. Velour and Chatt will send her a few heavy satin coats on approval. They should be quietly smart, well cut and thoroughly up to date, with small inside pockets if possible.

*Oxford Street, London, W.
October 30, 1913.*

DEAR MADAM,—In reply to your esteemed favour we send four satin coats on approval, as *per* invoice. Trusting that you will be able to make a selection, We are, Yours faithfully,
VELOUR AND CHATT,
MRS. BERKELEY-BIGGE. *per* A.O.K.

*The Gables, Sarkchester.
November 6, 1911.*

Mrs. Berkeley-Bigge regrets to say that owing to unexpected circumstances she is unable to keep any of the coats forwarded by Messrs. Velour and Chatt. She, therefore, returns them, *per* rail, carriage paid, to-day.
MESSRS. VELOUR AND CHATT.

*Oxford Street, London, W.
November 7, 1913.*

DEAR MADAM,—In reference to four satin coats returned by you, we regret to inform you that No. 695 coat, @ £8 19s. 6d., has evidently been worn.

We shall, therefore, be glad to return you the coat upon receipt of cheque for the amount.

We are, Yours faithfully,
VELOUR AND CHATT,
MRS. BERKELLY-BIGGE. *per* A.O.K.

*The Gables, Sarkchester.
November 8, 1913.*

Mrs. Berkeley-Bigge is utterly at a loss to understand Messrs. Velour and Chatt's extraordinary communication. She is handing their letter over to her solicitor.
MESSRS. VELOUR AND CHATT.

*The Gables, Sarkchester.
November 8, 1913.*

MY DEAR MR. STRAIGHTER,—Why should I pay for the coat? I returned it intact to those stupid drapers. I enclose details. Yours sincerely,
ETHEL B. BERKELEY-BIGGE.

EDWIN STRAIGHTER, ESQ.

*Lincoln's Inn.
November 13, 1913.*

DEAR MRS. BERKELEY-BIGGE,—Unfortunately there are two damaging facts in *re* Velour and Chatt and the satin coat: (1) A Prayer-book, with your name inside, was found in the inside pocket of the coat, and the said book is still in the possession of Messrs.



THE ESCAPED PARROT.

Voice (apparently of a pheasant). "NOW THEN, WHO ARE YOU SHOVIN'!"

Velour and Chatt; (2) The head mantle woman at V. and C.'s was sitting behind you at St. George's, Hanover Square, on Nov. 3, during a fashionable wedding. She recognised you and the coat. Yours truly,

EDWIN STRAIGHTER.
MRS. BERKELEY-BIGGE.

*The Gables, Sarkchester.
November 14, 1913.*

DEAR MR. STRAIGHTER.—The whole thing is horribly unjust. Kindly settle the business with Velour and Chatt and let me have your account.

Yours sincerely,
ETHEL B. BERKELEY-BIGGE.

Please ask Velour and Chatt to forward coat direct to the Gables.
EDWIN STRAIGHTER, ESQ.

Lincoln's Inn.

November 15, 1913.

DEAR MADAM.—Kindly forward us cheque for £8 19s. 6d. for Velour and Chatt.

In reply to yours, our little account is £2 2s. 0d. Yours faithfully,
STRAIGHTER AND FACER.
MRS. BERKELEY-BIGGE.

"The second game was a hollow win for the visitors, 15-1, in which the second string played with his head."

Eton College Chronicle.

Hence, perhaps, the hollowness.

"Fine play by a Swede."

Manchester Guardian.

This was in a three-ball match with a pheasant and a mangold-wurzel.

THE BUTTON-HOOK.

"Oh," said Francesca, coming vigorously into the library, "so you're back, are you?"

"Yes," I said, "I'm back. I really am. But couldn't you have guessed it by just looking at me? Was it necessary to make me say so?"

"How was I to be sure that a heap of shooting clothes in an arm-chair was really you? It might have been anything."

"No, it must have been me. What was it doing when you came in?"

"It was snor— I mean, it was breathing with much regularity and heaviness. It almost seemed to be asleep."

"Asleep?" I said doubtfully. "What a strange thing! It can't have been me after all. I haven't been asleep. I've been sitting by the fire and thinking—thinking of writing letters, you know, and all that sort of thing; and seeing pictures in the glowing logs; and resolving to be up

down things, and to leave the world a better place than I found it, and to strike a blow for freedom and good government, and to pay the rates under protest, and to try a new trick with high pheasants swerving to the right, and to put on my slippers, and—and lots of other things. My brain was very busy."

"Adorable dreamer!" said Francesca. "And did I interrupt you?"

"I wasn't dreaming," I said. "I want to have it clearly understood that I was thinking. What you mistook for heavy breathing—"

"Was really hard thinking. Yes, I know. When you've sat before the fire after shooting

I've often heard the working of your mind quite plainly."

"Francesca," I said, "is it quite lady-like to speak so harshly of one who sometimes has a ravelled sleeve of care and tries to knit it up?"

"I'll take it all back if you'll admit that you were asleep when I came into the room just now."

"No," I said, "I cannot do that. Woman, would you have me—have me palter with the truth?"

"But you know," she said, "you did sno—you did make a funny noise in the back of your nose."

"Of course I did. I was practising making noises in the back of my nose. It's the new Swedish gymnastics. You've got to develop every part of your body to the utmost, and naturally you can't leave out your nose. Listen: *Honk-ho-onk*. Wasn't that the kind of noise?"

"That was it, more or less."

"There you are. It is Exercise 19 in Professor Gustafsen's System—the hardest of the lot. However, I've mastered it, but I'm not going in for the Gustafsen gold medal."

"Generous gymnast," said Francesca, "unsleeping guardian of our domestic hearth, tell me, did you shoot a lot of things to-day?"

"Aha!" I said, "you're beaten. You're changing the subject."

"No," she said, "I'm just letting it go to sleep. It's tired."

"Let us," I said, "have no more of this bandying of words. What was it you were pleased to ask?"

"I asked if you had shot a lot of things to-day?"

"I do not," I said, "like the form in which you put your question. If I were to say that I *had* shot a lot of things—"

"You would say so, wouldn't you, if it were true?"

"Certainly not," I said; "it would savour of boastfulness."

"Well, what ought I to say?"

"You ought to ask me if we had good sport."

"Did you have good sport?"

"Meek and submissive one," I said, "we did; but I should have enjoyed it more and shot more accurately—"

"Then," she said, "you didn't shoot your best. Why, oh, why do you always bring this shame upon me? We

women sit at home and knit—yes, and we knit our best, and the men go out and miss—"

"And that," I said, "is just it. Some of us get most frightfully good at missing. It is an art like any other. I myself was not in my best missing form to-day—"

"But why did you miss at all?"

"I will tell you," I said, "since you are determined to wring it from me."

"It's going to be my fault," said Francesca.

"You have guessed rightly; it is. I shot below my true form because you had taken away my button-hook."

"Never."

"You must not deny your guilt. I found it

eventually on your toilet-table; but before that I had hunted for it through all the nooks and corners of my dressing-room. The time began to slip away. At last I found it and then began to use it hastily to tighten the laces of my boots. As I was doing this a lace broke, and my innocent hand flew up and struck me on the mouth. Result, a swollen lip and an agitated mind. So you see, if I shot but poorly the blame must rest on you."

"I see," she said, "I see, and I am profoundly sorry. But why did you not mention all this at the breakfast-table this morning, so that we might have comforted you?"

"I did not," I said, "wish the children to know that their mother was a petty-larcenist of button-hooks. I preferred to suffer in silence."

"But, you know," she said, "that wasn't your button-hook at all. You haven't got one. You left yours in London last week."

"So I did. Then that rascally button-hook this morning was *yours*, after all. Francesca, that makes it worse."

"I will now," she said, "leave you to practise the nineteenth new Swedish exercise. *Honk-ho-onk*. And, when you've done, perhaps you'll restore my button-hook to my room."

R. C. L.



[“Nothing makes a stronger appeal to the man of business than a clean cut well-fitting collar.”—*Advt.*]

Business Man (regarding card of applicant for position). “Oh, I’m too busy to see anyone. Ask him to be so good as to leave his collar.”

STUDIES OF REVIEWERS.

I.—THE OMNISCIENT EGOTIST.

(With acknowledgments to DR. ARTHUR LYNCH, M.P.)

BISMARCK once told me of an evening at VON RANKE'S. The great historian, then in his eighty-fifth year and hard at work on his *Weltgeschichte*, was asked whether he thought elegance of style was of vital importance in his branch of letters, and replied, "No more than your favourite mixture of champagne and stout is essential to the making of the German Empire."

I have been reminded of this story by the perusal of *Post-impressionist Musings* by our excellent friend, Orlando Wambley. The volume revives in my mind the old conflict of the Nominalists and Realists, DUNS SCOTUS, THOMAS AQUINAS and BONAVENTURA, ARISTOTHELES the Trapezuntine, Psittacus Ambulator, and, above all, Corcorygus the Borborygmatic, to whom Wambley is the most perfect modern analogue. I will only say, whatever you read, never allow your epistemological bias to deflect your mind from the conceptual basis of an altruistic empiricism. We are all post-impressionists nowadays, but, as BERGSON once remarked to me, when I criticised his gelastic hypothesis, the difference between "post" and "ante" is an arbitrary convention. As he wittily observed, "even a postcard can be antedated." SAPPHO was a post-impressionist, so were PAUL the Silentiary, CONFUCIUS and HOKUSAI, whom I once met at Prince Ito's bungalow on the slopes of Fujiyama, where HOKUSAI, the Baroness ORCZY and Mr. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR had taken refuge during a protracted earthquake. I mention these names, not to emphasize the range of my acquaintance, but simply to illustrate the advantages of foreign travel. It is true that GIBBON, whom I knew intimately, once observed, "Conversation may enrich the intellect, but solitude is the true school of genius," and my friend FILSON YOUNG, who once lived for seventeen weeks in a lighthouse, is a living example of the truth of the saying. But genius can be gregarious too; witness GOETHE, XOCHIMILCO the Aztec philosopher—with whom I once spent a delightful fortnight at his chalet at the foot of Ixtaccihuatl—and BUNYAN, whom, alas! I never met.

Personality is the true antiseptic of literature, and in this vivifying quality, I regret to say, the work of our excellent friend, Wambley, is somewhat to seek. Thus, though he gossips cheerfully of BAUDELAIRE and BARBEY D'AUREVILLE, the intimate savour of personality is lacking in his pages, and I, who knew



Mrs. Macpherson (always careful to qualify her remarks). "EH, NURSE, YOU'RE LOOKING BONNY THE DAY—OR ELSE IT'S ME THAT'S NO SEEN' RICHT."

them all, look in vain for anything that recalls the many hours spent in their stimulating company. Not one word is said here of PATER's moustache, or of BAUDELAIRE's green socks, or BARBEY's wonderful nankeen pantaloons.

I often marvel why it is that in such a book as Wambley's, the product of an esoteric *cénacle* of choice spirits, the application of the craniometrical test should be conspicuous by its absence. I know that the Italian anthropologist, SERGI, has led a revolt against metrical methods of all kinds. I am content to take my stand under the banner of Poupinas the French, and Blóidíol the Hungarian, expert. SKOBELEFF, who taught me scouting, had practically no back to his head. PERICLES's head was compared to a sea-squill or sea-onion, which has a large acrid bulbous root. And that brings me to the important point that all first-rate genius is bulbocephalic. SKOBELEFF was only partially bulbocephalic—that was the tragedy of his career. As the late Professor VAM-

BÉRY said to me at Plevna, "SKOBELEFF's spheno-maxillary angle is little better than a gorilla's." I think VAMBÉRY went too far, as he often did, but to eliminate this aspect of genius altogether, as our excellent friend Wambley has done, is even more reprehensible. For, in spite of all the fatuities of the so-called phrenologists, we can never get away from the basic fact that genius varies in a direct ratio with the cubical contents of the cranium. When I offered myself as a pupil to HAFKINE he said nothing, but took up my hat, and, seeing that the size was 8½, accepted my application forthwith.

Still, I admit that this in no way justifies my venturing to sit in judgment on a pundit like Wambley. But I feel that the foregoing remarks may be not without their interest to those who recognize that, in letters as in life, personality is the paramount asset, and that the louder the personal note is struck in journalism, the more resounding must be the success of the journal.

THE ROUT OF THE THEORIST.

For a full minute the excitement was simply tremendous. The ball kept bobbing about in the mouth of the goal amid a perfect frenzy of kicking legs and twisting bodies, behind which the goal-keeper danced on his toes in an agony of apprehension. Then, all at once, it shot clear and landed at the foot of our outside right, who without hesitation raced with it down the field. We were saved again!

"I am ready to wager, Sir," said the little man sitting next to me, "you were not aware that you were gripping the edge of the seat just then as if your very life depended upon it."

"Well, what about it?" I asked coldly. "It's a perfectly natural action at such a time."

"Just my point!" he cried brightly. "I always say it is in moments of great emotional stress or excitement that the power of atavism reveals itself. Ages and ages ago our ancestors, living in trees, had to be gripping the branches all day long. Their lives, in fact, *did* depend on a tight grip. And so, when you got violently excited just now, you simply reverted. You grasp the idea?"

I tried hard not to listen to him. The play had again reached an acutely interesting stage. Sanderson, our outside left, had just forced a corner, and was about to take the kick himself.

"Now do just look at that!" cried the persistent voice in my ear. "Another really remarkable proof of my theory. Did you notice how the player moistened his hands? What possible, what conceivable reason could he have for doing that, since he is about to kick the ball, not to pick it up? Atavism, I assert, my dear Sir, simply atavism. Far back in those days of tree-dwelling, of which I spoke just now, our ancestors would naturally moisten their hands before some great effort—a more than usually long spring, let us say—in order to ensure a good grip. Now, you observe, when called upon to make a supreme effort..."

He was cut short by a shattering roar of applause as our inside right dodged skilfully round the opposing backs and sent the ball whizzing past the helpless goal-keeper. One excitable spectator in our neighbourhood snatched off his hat and hurled it high into the air.

"Here we have another remarkable example of reversion," continued the little man when he could make himself heard. "Ages and ages ago our ancestors, as you know, wore no clothes. Gradually, very gradually, they acquired the habit of covering themselves with skins and other sub-

stances. Now, I think, after a little reflection, you will admit it to be more than probable that a covering for the head, or hat, was the last article of clothing to be adopted, and this being so it is naturally the first to be discarded by our friend when, in his emotional moment, he experiences this overpowering instinct to revert to the primitive state of mankind."

Just at this point the referee gave a foul against one of our side, and in the torrent of abuse and exhortation which followed I missed the concluding words.

But he had by no means finished. "Now let us consider the manifestation of anger," he went on imperturbably as soon as the noise had exhausted itself. "Ages and ages ago..."

I turned upon him in desperation.

"So far as I understand you," I interrupted, "you assert that in a moment of supreme emotion a man's actions are determined by atavism, that he does precisely what a primitive man, or monkey, if you like, would do in similar circumstances."

"Not quite as I should have put it," he replied, "but still you have the idea."

"Very well, then," I went on. "I am going to prove that you are wrong."

"Good!" he replied, rubbing his hands delightedly. "This is really most interesting."

"You were about to deal with the manifestation of anger," I continued. "If your theory were correct, a man's instinctive act in a moment of intense irritation and annoyance with another man would not be to snatch out a pistol and fire at his tormentor, or to draw a dagger and stab him, but simply to seize hold of him and attempt to bite him, or possibly to double up his fist and hit him between the eyes, even though he realised perfectly well that the effect of this would be trifling compared with the effect of other measures he might take."

"Exactly," cried the other. "You could hardly have chosen a better example."

"You are wrong," I repeated, opening the big pocket-knife which I always carry, and leisurely testing its edge on my thumb. "Ages and ages ago our ancestors may have been satisfied..."

But he was gone.

"South-Western Districts batted first, and at the luncheon interval had lost eight wickets for 50 runs. M. C. Bird kept wicket.

Lunch score.—South-Western Districts, 50 for eight wickets.

Lunch.—South-Western Districts, 50 for eight."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

We are a little slow at acquiring a new idea, but, when once it has penetrated, we never forget.

A TIME-HONOURED TYRANT.

["The popular belief that influenza is a comparatively new disease is quite wrong; it is as old as the hills."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

LAST year, when a sudden affliction

Put me prone on the pillow of pain,
When the flu brought the sombre conviction

I should never be happy again,
Times past, although rougher and ruder,
To me seemed unspeakably blest,
For I counted this chilly intruder
A parvenu pest.

But it seems I was making an error;
No better our forefathers fared;
They too fell a prey to this terror,
If their woad was improperly aired;
It watched our historic upheavals
In the days of the Saxon and Jute,
And harried the hapless coevals
Of HARDICANUTE.

For this in their wisdom the master
Physicians who ruled at the date
Gave BOADICEA a plaster
And bled ALEXANDER THE GREAT,
Or (what is more likely) selected
Some quainter medicinal boon,
Say, the tail of a rabbit bisected
At full o' the moon.

And, could we obtain his confession,
That sage of the cynical snub,
We should find that it caused the depression
That ruled in DIOGENES' tub;
Proud TARQUIN it tortured with ill ease,
Kept REMUS a prisoner pent,
And fully explains why ACHILLES
Sat tight in his tent.

Can we catch consolation from knowing
This horror by which we are hurled
To the depths of despair has been going
Quite strong since the youth of the world?

Dare we hope it has long passed its
high day,
That writ is its history's page,
And that haply to-morrow or Friday
'Twill die of old age?

A Fond Hope.

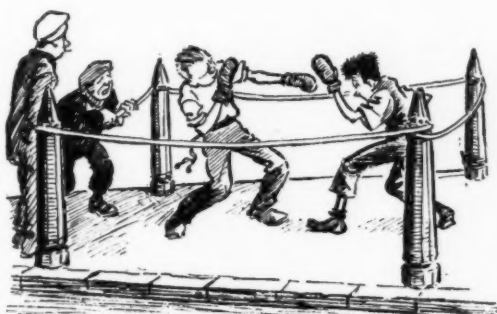
DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see by the papers that the postmen are threatening to come out on strike just before Christmas, but I am afraid it is too good to be true. If they only would, what a haleyon time we might have!

Yours, . . . OLD FOGGY.

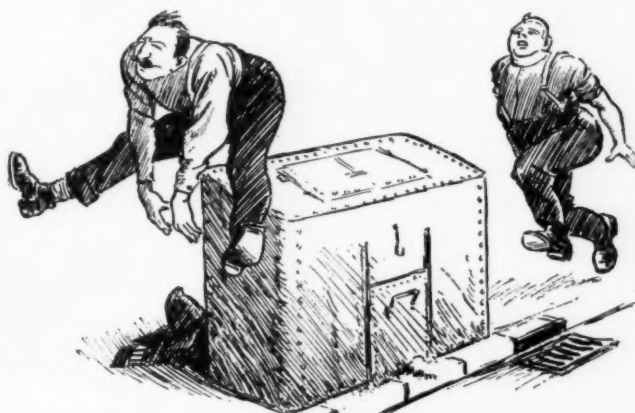
"Purple is a colour which is prominent at present, but it is very trying to some complexions. It looks very well veiling a bright green."—*Sunderland Daily Echo*.

So if any of our women readers has a bright green face she should order a purple veil at once.

(We learn with pleasure that various authorities and employers are giving facilities for Olympic training.)



A STREET REFUGE CONVERTED INTO A TEMPORARY RING FOR THE USE OF NEWSBOYS OFF DUTY.



CITY POLICEMEN USING A SAND-BIN AS A VAULTING-HORSE WHEN THINGS ARE SLACK.



BILLINGSGATE FISH-PORTERS HIGH-DIVING OFF LONDON BRIDGE.



BEEFEATERS PRACTISING JAVELIN-THROWING ON THE GRASS IN THE TOWER MOAT.



L.C.C. ROAD-MENDERS DOING LONG JUMPS AND HORIZONTAL-BAR WORK DURING THE DINNER-HOUR.

CHAS. GRAVE

AT THE PLAY.

"GREAT CATHERINE."

THE best form of charade is that in which, having chosen your word—e.g., "PUNCH"—you proceed in dumb show to act episodes in the lives of famous people whose names begin with the letters of the word. Thus you would have five characteristic scenes wherein figured in turn POMPEY, ULYSSES, NERO, CHARLES I., and HANNIBAL—or anybody else who occurred to you. Perhaps, very late one evening, having already used up CHARLES I. and II., CROMWELL, CANUTE, and JULIUS CÆSAR, the name of CATHERINE might occur to you—CATHERINE II. OF RUSSIA. It is doubtful whether you would consider any incident in her life to be sufficiently well known to a mixed audience to need no words to explain it, but anyhow it would amuse you to try. After all, charades are only meant to amuse the actors; the audience is there at its own risk.

At the Vaudeville the other night I felt that *Great Catherine* must have started life as a family charade. The incident represented was probably that in the fourth scene, where *Catherine* tickles a trussed-up English prisoner with her foot. She mentions casually that this is her favourite torture, and if (as is quite likely) history mentions it too, then it would be a scene which an audience of Mr. SHAW's friends, better-read than myself, might easily recognise. Possibly Mr. SHAW himself played the small part of *A Cossack Sergeant*.

And then next morning, so I picture it, the jolly charades of the previous night came back to Mr. SHAW, and in particular the fun which they had got out of "C for CATHERINE." "If only we had been allowed words, we could have had a lot more sport with it." Idly he played with the idea in his mind, giving first himself a few words as the *Cossack Sergeant* (including a joke about his "sweetbread," subsequently used three times) and then allotting an occasional speech to the others. Gradually his ambition for it increased; by the afternoon he was refreshing his memory at his encyclopædia (CAN—CLE); by the evening the whole thing was planned out in his mind. Next morning saw him at work. *Great Catherine* (he wrote). *A thumbnail sketch of Russian Court Life in the XVIII. century. In Four Scenes. And before he went to bed it was finished.*

So only can I explain Mr. BERNARD SHAW's new play at the Vaudeville. I am sure it amused him to write it; I am sure it would amuse him to act it with his friends; but he mustn't be

selfish. He must think of the amusement of others. That the English have an elementary sense of humour is probably his opinion. *Captain Edstaston*, of the Light Dragoons, is shown us as a very solemn gentleman until the Russian name "Popoff" is mentioned, when he goes into fits of laughter; and no doubt when Mr. SHAW himself (in *Cæsar and Cleopatra*) got so much fun for us out of the mispronunciation of *Flatateeta's* name he was purposely writing down to the English level of humour. But there are people in his audiences who are not entirely English—people also who have some feeling for Mr. SHAW and a great admiration for his genius. It is a pity to disappoint them.

To Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL I owe most of my laughter; as *Prince Potemkin* he was delightful. Mr. EDMOND BREON played excellently as the English captain, being particularly good in his last speech, and Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON was the *Empress Catherine* to the life. (Not that I ever saw the *Empress Catherine*, but I feel now as if I had.) It is only fair to say that *Great Catherine* is preceded by *Between Sunset and Dawn*, a play which of itself demands a visit to the Vaudeville.

M.

"IF WE HAD ONLY KNOWN."

The characters that pleased me most in Mr. INGLIS ALLEN's play were *Meeks* and *A Loafer*. *Meeks* was a Scots maid-of-all-work who spoke, through the medium of Miss JEAN CADELL, with a fine native accent and a pleasant directness of expression. *A Loafer*, though he caused nearly all the subsequent trouble by omitting to post a crucial letter, was only on just long enough to state, and reiterate, to *Meeks* his opinion that she was a "dirty general servant." But these two smaller parts served to recall the reputation that Mr. INGLIS ALLEN made long ago in literature for the observant humour which he brought to his dialogues of the highways and byways of humble life.

If it were not the recognised ambition of every humorist to be taken seriously one might have been surprised at his choice of such a theme as the deliberate avoidance of fatherhood and motherhood. There are grave subjects which yet lend themselves to a light treatment; but this is not of them, if offence is to be escaped. Mr. ALLEN started lightly, but when once he had entered on the domain of gynaecology and obstetrics he found little chance for humour, and had all his work cut out to spare us unnecessary embarrassment. Here he managed as tactfully

as could be hoped. For the rest, I think that conscientiousness was his prevailing virtue. When he thought that dull and futile things would be said in real life he never hesitated to make his characters say them. I am afraid that this is a virtue which he will have to slough if he means to go far with a British audience.

If it is a test of a good play that it should arouse sympathy in the hearts of the audience I think Mr. ALLEN has here failed of complete success. One can imagine oneself deeply moved by a father's emotion in the deadly waiting hours before the birth of his first child, but unfortunately the exhibition of stupid and vulgar misunderstanding between husband and wife in the First Act (though no doubt the wife could plead the excuse of her physical condition) had permanently disabled me from taking more than an academic interest in their subsequent histories. Then again I am always annoyed when a woman shows a morbid hesitation—so rare in real life and so common in books and plays—about letting her husband know that she is to bear him a child, though here again there was an excuse for the wife in the play, who understood that her husband did not regard his income as warranting this luxury. Thirdly it was never explained to us why she should choose to consult a lady-doctor whose male friends were offensive. In fact we received the impression (too clearly to lose it later, when the author wanted us to) that the heroine was half prude and half vixen, and in consequence the question of her fate in child-birth left me brutally cold. Still, when all is said, I must credit Mr. ALLEN with an honest and not undignified attempt to glorify parenthood as the brightest joy of married life and the most satisfactory solvent of its difficulties.

The jealous irritability of the wife in the First Act seemed to suit Miss MARY JERROLD's gifts better than the subsequent pride of maternity. Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY, as the husband, was sincere within his limitations; and Mr. RUDGE HARDING, as a medical *amicus curiæ*, went meritoriously through some very trying alternations of humour and homiletics.

Miss MADGE MCINTOSH, as the mother-in-law, bore the unrelieved banality of her utterances as if she enjoyed it. Mr. PERCEVAL CLARK began funnily as a parenthetic observer of life, but his chances tailed off. Finally Miss AIMEE DE BURGH (a temptress) needs to be reminded that an affected modification of vowel sounds is not necessarily a guarantee of great wickedness of heart.

O. S.



AN INSULT TO THE PROFESSION.

Shocked Juvenile. "Oh, MOTHER! FAIRIES WOULD NEVER DO A THING LIKE THAT, WOULD THEY?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN the modern literature of humour Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK is what the Harlequins used to be in Rugby football. He takes risks. Sometimes he will try for a joke where a more cautious man would have perceived that no joke was. But far more frequently he will extract humour of the finest kind from absolutely nothing, and score, so to speak, a try from his own goal-line. In his latest book, *Behind the Beyond* (LANE), he is in brilliant scoring form. I can see *Behind the Beyond* breaking up many homes; for no family will be able to stand the sudden sharp yelps of laughter which must infallibly punctuate the decent after-dinner silence when one of its members gets hold of this book. It is Mr. LEACOCK's peculiar gift that he makes you laugh out loud. I am a stern, soured, sombre man, one of those people who generally show that they are amused by a faint twitching of the lip; but, when Mr. LEACOCK's literal translation of HOMER on page 193 met my eye, a howl of mirth broke from me. I also forgot myself over the interview with the photographer. As for "Behind the Beyond" itself, the sketch which gives its title to the book, it is the last word in polished burlesque. I cannot say that this book has actually displaced Mr. LEACOCK's *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* in my esteem, for that classic created a new world for me and has a place of honour of its own on my shelves. *Sunshine Sketches* was super-LEACOCK. The present volume is merely Mr. LEACOCK at

his best. But I respectfully submit that that is worth four-and-sixpence of anybody's money.

Mr. BOHUN LYNCH is a bold man. I do not know whether there actually exists any family called *Tibshelf*, but, if such there be, these are days in which they might quite possibly bring an action for defamation against the author of *Cake* (MURRAY); because the whole plot of his tale hangs upon the unpleasantness of being called *Tibshelf*. I must say I agree. It seems to me a quite beastly name; but of course this is a pure matter of opinion. In *Cake* there are some wholly charming persons called *Luffingham*, who own a delightful old house as picturesque as themselves, but not enough ready cash to support it. To them comes the chance, through a will, of wealth attainable only on condition of calling themselves *Tibshelf*. Well, of course it wouldn't be exactly a happy exchange; but I do think that Mr. LYNCH makes too much fuss about it. To him evidently a *Luffingham* by any other name would by no means smell so sweet. However, his characters seem to have been of my opinion; for half-way through the book you find them basking contentedly enough in the affluence that this name of *Tibshelf* confers. They, in short, eat their cake with an appetite. And, after all, the ingenuity of their creator was to find a way in which they could falsify the proverb and still have it. What that way is I shall not explain; though indeed the plot of this story is not to be compared with the pleasant way in which Mr. BOHUN LYNCH tells it. He has the gift of a chatty and yet witty style that forces you to

become a friendly listener to even the thinnest tale. And there is one character, an aggressively broad-minded parson, for whom alone the book should be read as an awful warning by the entire Clergy List.

Between ourselves and ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER there is by now a complete understanding based upon the jovial acquaintance of years and in no way affected by the less familiar "THE HONBLE. MRS. ALFRED FELKIN" which has more recently taken to appearing in brackets on the title-page. It is tacitly agreed that all our attention shall be concentrated on the dialogue and that the plot be left to take care of itself; no offence will be caused, then, when I remark that the machinery of *Her Ladyship's Conscience* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is crude and primitive and creaks a good deal. The book is less a story than an animated *Burke's Peerage*; a pocket collection of Dukes and Duchesses, Dowagers, Marquises and other aristocrats who thoroughly discuss themselves and each other, as illustrating the foibles of humanity and the excellence of the Divine Providence. It is the conscientious *Lady Esther* who brings grist to this conversational mill by denying herself the love of *Lord Westerham* on the score of divergent ages, thus letting in the youth and beauty of the soulless *Beryl* to secure the coronet and lead the soulful lord to disillusion and dismay. So much for the main idea. As to the talk to which it gave rise, be it said that this is as fresh and as witty as ever and full of the most delightful *obiter dicta*. I must, however, note a tendency in our authoress to lecture, even to preach at us, sometimes through the mouths of her characters, but more through her own. At one time I found myself sympathising, out of pure devilry, with the flippant naughtiness of *Beryl* as contrasted with the utter godliness of *Lady Esther*; and I was quite upset when the former, to pave the way for the latter's ultimate reward, was overtaken by sudden death in the last chapter but one, though I must own that I had been expecting it since about the first chapter but two.

In *The Milky Way* (HEINEMANN), by Miss F. TENNYSON JESSE, there is a very pleasant fusion of matter and manner. The light-hearted courage of the true Bohemian is presented with the bravest gaiety of style. It is true that both *Vivien*, who tells the story, and *Peter*, who shares her unchaperoned adventures, have deliberately chosen poverty for the sake of freedom of soul; but this does not make their experience any less exhilarating either to themselves or to us. Starting acquaintance on a ship that easily gets wrecked; acting in fifth-rate circus-drama; chalking pictures and selling flowers on the pavement; playing in a tent on tour, and ending up with a Sentimental Journey out of which they make between them a commissioned book (he does the letter-press and she the pictures, though I'm sure she could easily have

done both), they meet all fortunes with a smiling pair of hearts.

"He who is light of heart and heels
Can wander in the Milky Way."—*Provençal Proverb*.

Somewhere an editor tells them: "It's the great complaint against life that it's so little like the books." But that does not worry the author; she just goes on with her delightfully impossible story, revelling shamelessly in the kind of coincidences that never think of occurring outside books. It is only as an artist that she takes herself seriously, growing really eloquent about colour and the values of shadows. Her sense of beauty, though apparent throughout the book, gives a special charm to the story of her journey through Provence, and I was particularly grateful to her for refreshing my memory of the little-known marvels of Les Baux, where the troubadours held their Courts of Love; Les Baux, the headquarters of "gilded platonic," "the most wonderful place in the world." And a very suitable scene for the first stage of the "pilgrimage" of this pair with whom "platonic" were a fine art. Indeed (for I will say nothing about the repellent shape of *Peter's* head in her clever frontispiece picture) my only serious complaint of Miss JESSE's work—a curious criticism to make in this age of the sexual novel—is that she carries sexlessness to the verge of indecency. The innocence of these two—of *Peter*, anyhow, who is also a little too precious at times—seems almost more than one can bear; and there is at least one episode in the book which may be very good milk for babes, but is rather strong meat for grown men and women.

Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL has me at his mercy, for no sooner do I begin to read about his roistering, bewigged, tender-hearted blades than what critical faculty I have is stifled; I become passionately eager to cross swords and swagger with the best of them, and my heart is possessed with envy of the days when we referred to our friends not as "two-handicap" but as "two-bottle" men. The quality of his work I could praise unendingly, but in *The Honourable Mr. Tawnish* it is possible to regret the meagre quantity of it. In *The Broad Highway* and *The Amateur Gentleman* we were given abundant measure, but not even Mr. Brock's illustrations make up for the fact that this book only occupied me for an hour. It was a crowded hour enough, for Mr. FARNOL has never written anything more exhilarating than his account of the efforts of *Mr. Tawnish* to prove himself worthy of *Penelope Chester*, nor has he ever been more completely master of his plot. His tendency to ramble is gone, which means, I suppose, a better craftsmanship, though I, for one, would always be glad to ramble with him when he gives me the chance.

"Broken-hearted.—Try sucking lemons."—*Yorkshire Gazette*.
If only *Romeo* had known of this in time.



THE SPREAD OF TANGO.
ARREST OF A MILITANT SUPFRAGETTE.